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Correspondence.

ROME, August 4, 1855.

Messrs. Editors of the Crayon:—

DEAR SIRS:—In some editorial remarks in your paper of the 11th July, under the heading of "Old Masters," I find my name used in such connection as would make it seem requisite for me to enter into some explanation of my views on the subject there treated of. I therefore send you a copy of a letter which goes to a friend, who requested my opinions on the subject. I beg that you will give my letter publicity. The temperate character of the article referred to above, and its general truisms, leave but one particularly weak point to be answered, or rather glanced at—that is, the opinion of the "connoisseur friend," in whose judgment the picture in question is by Tiepolo—which shows a lamentable ignorance; had he said Pordenone, it might have seemed, to those who know something of the matter, pardonable, or to those who know a little, more so had he said Giorgone (though that would have been still wide of the mark); but Tiepolo!

I take the earliest convenience to reply to your requesting me to write to you my judgment of the Titian and Claude taken out by Messrs. Jarvis and Tilton, and now exhibiting in the Atheneum at Boston. As to the first of these pictures, I cannot do better than to copy for you what I wrote for the gentleman whose name the letter bears:—

J. J. JARVIS, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR:—As you desire me to state my opinion as to the originality of the picture of Danaë in your possession, I am very happy to be able to comply with the request, the more so that, after having had the picture in my studio a month or two, and having seen it daily for a still longer period, as well as having copied many of the best Titians—Europe—and studied him, and his method, industriously now for five years, I conscientiously declare my firm conviction that the picture in question, is a genuine Titian of the time of the Flora, now in the Uffizi Palace at Florence—and, moreover, that in respect to its state of preservation, yours is in a less injured condition from cleaning than that well-known Flora. No doubt can be long entertained, by any competent judge, as to its originality or its great merits as a work of that period by its distinguished author. It must have been done some time between the sixteenth and seventeenth years of his age, *between which latter date and the time of his death, at or near one hundred great changes were made in his methods of working, as well as improvement in his drawing and composition.*

The picture, in my opinion, would be of the greatest use to a public like that of any of our American cities, to prepare the way for a more just estimate of his great works in Europe; and an understanding of this master can only be acquired by long study of him and patient comparison, *for the life of no one man, through his works, shows more constant or so long continued progress.*

Hoping that this picture may be destined to do a good work in improving public taste, and that you may thereby become a public benefactor,

I remain, very truly yours,

W. P.

Rome, Feb. 15, 1855.

You will see from the above letter how confident I am as to the originality of the picture; you may also see by the under-

scored clauses in the last part, that in my opinion, a judgment formed of Titian from this work alone, could not but be a very inadequate one; in the first place, his great pictures are not of a cabinet size—and this picture, two feet by thirty inches, if it can be in merit equal to the great Venus of the Tribune, six by four feet, would prove a monstrous waste of canvas in the larger picture—for no excuse holds good for making a picture larger than large enough to contain its merits, any more than an artist is to be excused for introducing a greater number of figures than are enough for the most perfect representation of his subject: more would be, like the sickly attempt "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily."

As to the drawing and modelling of the picture in question as evidence of authenticity, I want nothing worse than both drawing and modelling to be found in the Flora, to be sure that Titian could do as ill in both as are to be found here; if I sought for worse, too, I could find it in the next room to that in which the Flora hangs, an undoubted Titian, a Holy Family, that is, the Virgin and Child and Young St. John—here are worse drawing, color, modelling, and indeed all artistic wants. The picture hangs opposite that of the Dutchess d'Urbino.

It seems to me a sad mistake to attempt to prove this among the greatest works of this great painter, whose greater pictures must all be told on the fingers of your left hand.

If we can find between the merits of the great Assumption of the Virgin at Venice, and the greater Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, evidence of what would seem forty years of progress, what shall I say to express the strength of my dissent from anything that would seem to confound the merits of this little picture with those of these sublime works?

Still, it is no small matter to show those who are willing to learn, even the lesser works of so great a painter; and it takes a knowledge of all he has done to make an estimate of him complete. As for the Claude, I decline to express any opinion. I do not feel so competent to judge in this as the other case, and the purpose of truth will be, perhaps, as fully served by leaving everybody to judge for themselves.

With good wishes for your success, gentlemen,

I remain, very truly yours,

Wm. P.

JOCASSEE AND WHITE WATER.—That one, who has ever visited Jocassee and the White Water Falls, should weary in describing the fertility and pleasantness of the former, and the awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty of the latter, is not easily accounted for. Jocassee is situated but eighteen miles above this place, and may be reached by one of the best roads in the country, kept in excellent condition by Mr. Hester, the hospitable owner of that place. There are two falls—the upper one is six miles above Jocassee, in North Carolina. They are grand beyond description, being more than 200 feet high, and falling half the distance in two places, perpendicular. The lower falls are near Mr. Hester's. They are nearly as high as the upper falls, but are not so awe-inspiring. They are, though, very beautiful, consisting of a succession of falls, the last one being over 75 feet high. The view from the base here is the best, as, when the sun is shining, a beautiful rainbow

is formed. We trust all may go and see for themselves. None will be disappointed.—*Pickens Gazette.*

MIDNIGHT.

BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

The moon without smiles young and cold,
The lamp within winks yellow and old;
The floor is chequered across and along
By dark lines from the basement sent,
And squares like hoar-frost white and strong,
The lamp-light over the table is spent;
And every corner in the room
Hides itself in hollow gloom.—
Here and there parts loom out
Dwarfs and goblins all about,
Heads and elbows, eyes and wings,
And those misshapen hints of things
That, in torn, hanging, plastered wall,
Stained leaf, or crimson-heated fire,
Never end and never tire.

Now we close our books, and lay,
Reluctant still, the pen away—
Lifting it sometimes again,
If any laggard thought constrains,
Laggard or roving, home too late,
Knocking at the bolted gate,
Turn the chair, and fold the fingers,
Coax the little fire that lingers;
Stir it up to a tingling glow,

While the snell wind's northern game
Is played out with the window-frame.
And thro' the key-hole, sad and low,
Half ruminant and half asleep,

All about us becomes rare,
Like lighted ships in a misty air.
Is that the bleating of far-off sheep?
Is that a child at the window-pane?
Let us hope it is not so,—
Merely a sighing gust of rain.

So let's to bed. But, are we go,
Let's have a parting cheerier word.
Set the flask upon the board,
Get the old kanaster out,
And make the blue whiffs curl about,
Wrinkles may seam the wiser brow:
We'd see Atlanthes from the prow
Of fancy's fearless barque, shot far
Beyond the breaker's flash and roar,

Drifting without toil of ear,
Sail or ballast, helm or stars—
Surely something again fits by!
Let it. No exorcist am I.

If a forechisen Calvinist
Cannot safely face the Devil,
I had better keep my nest,

And, if he comes, bespeak him civil.
One's own shadow looks so stark,
And seems to move tho' we sleep still.
By nature still we fear the dark;
And, tho' we laugh each morning duly,
We know so very little truly,

That we fear against our will.

Now, then, to bed. The wind sings loud,
The sharp moon presses against the cloud,
And cuts it thro'. Anon she seems
Set in a ruff, and her great white face
Looks silly and sad from the void blue space.
Vanward again the cloud-ridge streams,
And we find her out only at intervals,
As a drowning man looks up and calls,
White here and there a star out-peeps.

Cheerily for a moment seen,
Anon the wrack drives in between,
And, like Time's beard, all over-sweeps.

To my dying lamp I turn,
Turn I to my chamber-door;
The embers now no longer burn,
The casket chequers have left the floor
Only my shadow, so black and tall;
Closely clinging from wall to wall.

London, Eng.